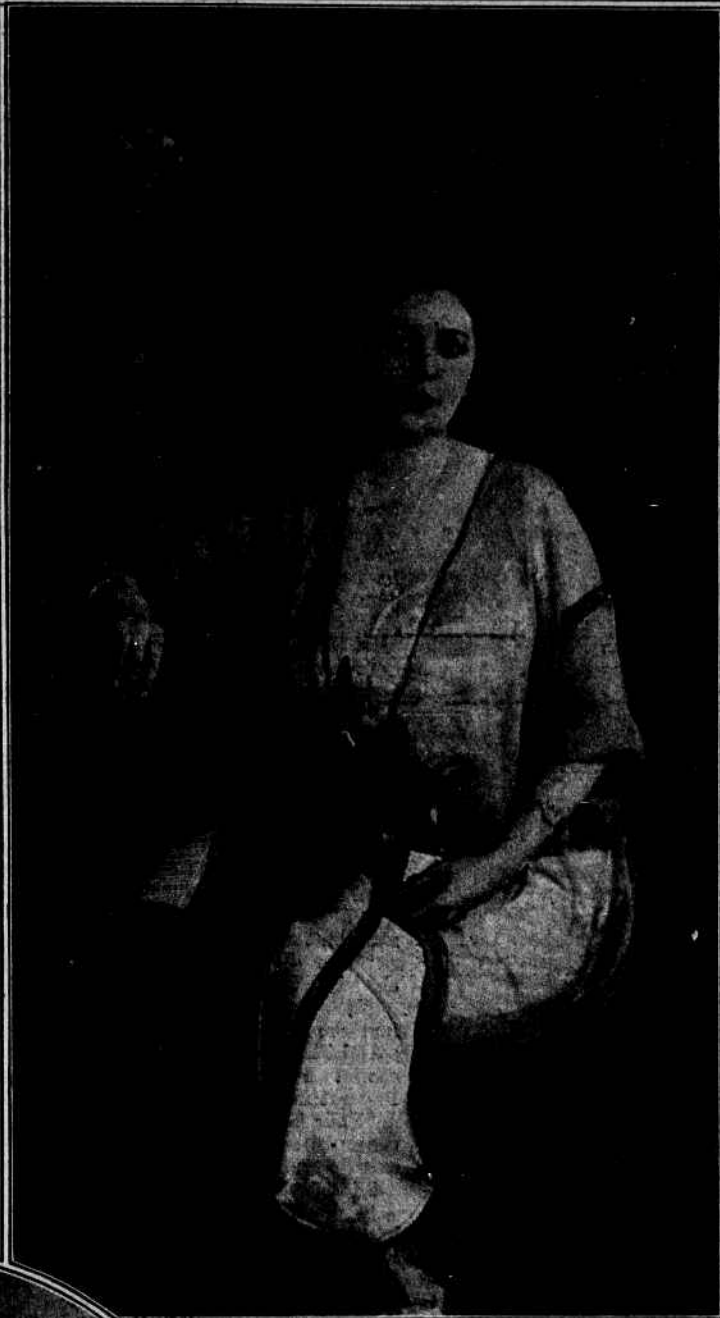


They Hadn't Been What They Are

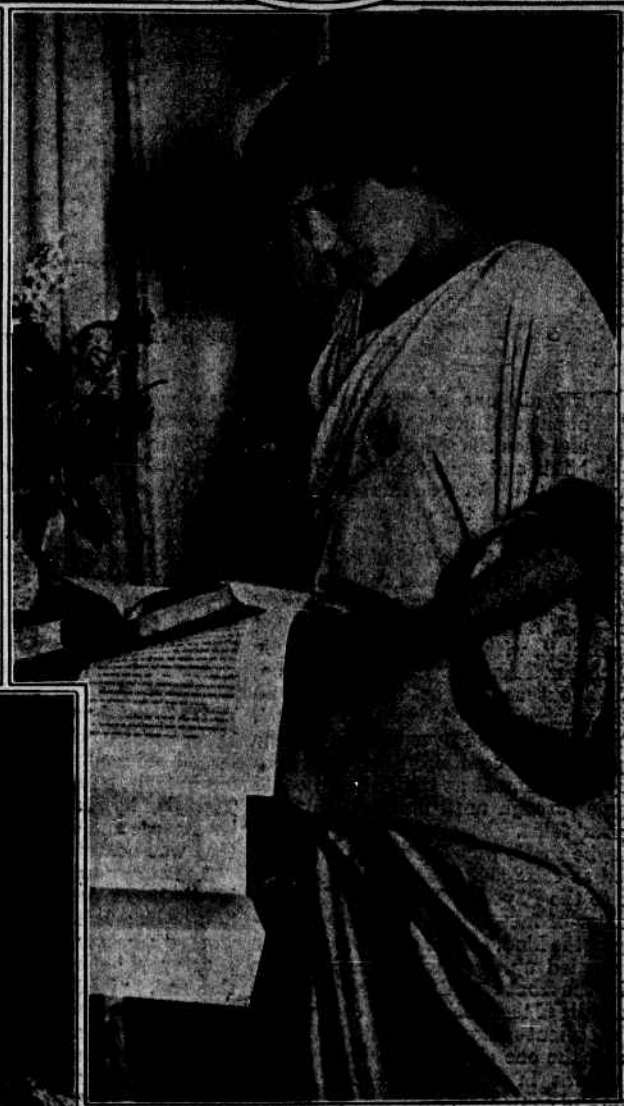
by Byron, New York



MISS JOSEPHINE VICTOR wants to be a great author, like Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) or Jess Willard (champion). One day she wrote a story about the East Side in New York—and it was published. That was a great moment for Miss Victor. Could it be possible that her life too was started in the wrong line, like the poet's, Mr. Masefield's, who started to be a bartender? Here you see Miss Victor writing what she says is the great American short story. Send it to us when finished, Josephine; and don't forget to inclose return stamps.



BEFORE the age of kewpies the Gibson Girl was the fashion. And the Gibson girl was Jobyna Howland. Jobyna comes from Denver, Colorado, and is six feet two in her heels. She wanted to be, and still wants to be, a model and have her soul interpreted by artists. But then cubism came in; and what self-respecting woman would trust her soul to a cubist artist? With dignity, therefore, Miss Howland withdrew to the stage, devoting her leisure to writing articles on "How the Tall Woman Should Dress." (See picture.)



WHEN Marguerite Leslie isn't acting she is busy pulling carpet tacks or painting the kitchen chairs the latest tint in orange. For Miss Leslie wants to be an interior decorator just as earnestly as any Vassar girl who wins the algebra prize wants a career. Miss Leslie buys things—those actresses never have to save. She buys cabinets for \$3000, and French marquetry that she won't tell the price of, and she hasn't a single stage prop in her front parlor.



NOW that even Harry Thaw finds our divorce laws altogether too lenient, Miss Gladys Hanson thinks somebody ought to look into them. Miss Hanson would have done it herself, only she is so beautiful that she had to go on the stage. Whenever she gets a chance she goes to court—she just yearned to be a lawyer—and has come to the conclusion that lawyers and actresses are very much alike. She doesn't carry her point, however, so far as to say that any good lawyer would make a good chorus girl.

at the Brooklyn Medical College, but his father says we can get to fill up the theaters, Bob. "Keep out of the doctor business," Robert commands, but we can tell him right now old father. It's much pleasanter to hear the M. than it is to get this over the telephone: "I've swallowed the key to my automobile, and w. Come right over."